Hymnals
K. Letchpéon Lay Chapel of ... London
Asylum p Female Orphans Book
and Hymns

PSALMS

AND

HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE CHAPEL OF THE ASYLUM

FOR

FEMALE ORPHANS.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

The Lord shall comfort Zion; Joy and Gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving, and the Voice of Melody.

ISAIAH li 3.

London:

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE GUARDIANS.

1794.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION.

The Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord.

Isaiah li. 3.

London:

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PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.

——— THEIR GOLDEN HARPS THEY TOOK
(HARPS EVER TUN'D) AND WITH PREAMBLE SWEET
OF CHARMING SYMPHONY, THEY INTRODUCE
THEIR SACRED SONG.———
——— NO VOICE BUT WELL COULD JOIN
MELODIOUS PART: SUCH CONCORD IS IN HEAVEN.
THEE, FATHER, FIRST THEY SUNG OMNIPOTENT,
IMMUTABLE, IMMORTAL, INFINITE,
ETERNAL KING: THE AUTHOR OF ALL BEING:
FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, THYSELF INVISIBLE!
———THEE NEXT THEY SANG *** BEGOTTEN SON!
HAIL, SON OF GOD! SAVIOUR OF MEN! THY NAME
SHALL BE THE COPIOUS MATTER OF MY SONG
HENCEFORTH: AND NEVER SHALL MY HARP THY
PRAISE
FORGET; NOR FROM THE FATHER'S PRAISE DIS-
JOIN!

Paradise Lost, Book III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FROM

BISHOP ATTERBURY'S DISCOURSE *ON CHURCH MUSIC.*

THE availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind, will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the *passions*; which are of particular use in the offices of DEVOTION. But it's power is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love; which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest mark of true devotion. At *this* our religion begins, and at this it ends. It is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of HEAVEN; of the pleasures of which, nothing is more clearly revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of HOLY MUSIC and HOLY LOVE; the joint enjoyment of the which (we are told) is to be the happy lot of all *pious souls*, to endless ages. And therefore it is observable, that *that* apostle, in whose breast this divine quality seems most to have abounded, has also spoken most of the HARMONY OF HEAVEN. For such I account the descriptions he hath given us of the *devotions* of ANGELS and BLESSED SPIRITS, performed by HARPS and HYMNS, in several parts of the Revelations.

Would we then have love at these assemblies—would we have our spirits softened and enlarged, and made fit for the reception of the divine spirit!—let us call into our aid the assistance of DIVINE HARMONY, to work us up to this heavenly temper. All selfishness and narrowness of mind, all rancour and peevishness, vanish from the heart, where the love of *divine harmony* dwells; as the evil spirit of Saul retir'd before the *harp of David*.

SENTENCES

SUNG BY THE ORPHANS WHEN THE MINISTER ENTERS THE CHAPEL.

SENTENCE I. *Callcott.*

Arise, O Lord! into thy resting place; thou and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be cloathed with righteousness; and let thy saints sing with joyfulness. Amen.

Psalm cxxxii. 8, 9.

SENTENCE II. *Callcott.*

As for me, I will come into thy house, even upon the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Psalm v. 7.

SENTENCE III. *Callcott.*

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord! my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm xix. 14, 15.

SENTENCE IV. *Callcott.*

I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord.

Peace be within thy walls; and plenteousness within thy palaces.

Psalm cxxii. 1, 7.

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE

To be sung by the ORPHANS *before the First Lesson, Morning and Evening.*

SENTENCE V. *Barthelemon.*

The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

Habakkuk ii. 20.

SENTENCE VI. *Callcott.*

Give ear, O my people! to my law: incline your ears to the word of my mouth. Amen.

Psalm lxxviii. 1.

SENTENCE VII. *Callcott.*

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathens, I will be exalted in the earth. Amen.

Psalm xlvi. 10.

SENTENCE VIII. *Callcott.*

For the Morning.

My voice shall thou hear in the morning, O Lord! in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

Psalm v. 3.

SENTENCE IX. *Callcott.*

For the Evening.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Psalm cxli. 2.

SENTENCE

SENTENCE X. *Handel.*

Christmas-Day.

Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name IMMANUEL.

Isaiah viii. 14.

Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called WONDERFUL—COUNSELLOR—THE MIGHTY GOD—THE EVERLASTING FATHER—THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Isaiah ix. 6.

SENTENCE XI. *Callcott.*

Help us, O God of our Salvation! for the glory of thy name: O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for thy name's sake. Amen.

Psalm lxxix. 9.

SENTENCE XII. *Callcott.*

The Lord is great in Sion; and high above all people.

They shall give thanks unto thy name; which is great, wonderful, and holy. Amen.

Psalm xcix. 2, 3.

SENTENCE XIII. *Callcott.*

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Amen.

Psalm xlviii. 1.

SENTENCE

SENTENCE XIV. *Callcott.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth.

Psalm xli. 1, 2.

SENTENCE XV. *Callcott.*

Thou, O Lord! art my defender; thou art my worship, and the lifter up of my head.

I laid me down and slept, and rose up again; for the Lord sustained me.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; and thy blessing is upon thy people.

Psalm iii. 3, 5, 8.

SENTENCE XVI. *Callcott.*

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, since the time that their corn and wine and oil increased.

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety.

Psalm iv. 8, 9.

SENTENCE XVII. *Callcott.*

Easter Day.

As for me, I will behold thy presence in righteousness: and when I wake up after thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.

Psalm xvii. 16.

SENTENCE

SENTENCE XVIII. *Callcott.*

My God! my God! look upon me: why hast thou forsaken me; and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

Be not thou far from me, O Lord! thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.

Psalm xxii. 1, 19.

SENTENCE XIX. *Handel.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors! and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? even the Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

Psalm xxiv. 9, 10.

SENTENCE XX. *Callcott.*

Thou hast been my succour; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my Salvation!

When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.

Psalm xxvii. 11, 12.

SENTENCE XXI. *Callcott.*

I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord! and so will I go to thine altar.

Psalm xxvi. 6.

SENTENCE XXII. *Callcott.*

Lord! let me know my end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold,

Behold, thou hast made my days, as it were, a span long; and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee, and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.

Psalm xxxix. 5, 6, 15.

SENTENCE XXIII. *Callcott.*

Sacrament-Sunday.

O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness: and upon the harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God! my God!

Psalm xliii. 3, 4.

SENTENCE XXIV. *Callcott.*

Whit-Sunday.

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee, for thou art my God: let thy loving spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness.

Quicken me, O Lord! for thy name's sake; and for thy righteousness sake bring my soul out of trouble.

Psalm cxliii. 10, 11.

SENTENCE XXV. *Callcott.*

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.

Therefore, the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy; sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

Isaiah li. 9, 11.

SENTENCE XXVI. *Callcott.*

Grant, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people, pardon and peace; that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Collect 21*st Sunday after Trinity.*

SENTENCE XXVII. *Handel.*

The Angel's Song.

Sacrament-Sunday.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

SENTENCE XXVIII. *Handel.*

From the Revelations.

Trinity-Sunday.

Holy—Holy—Holy—Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.

Who shall not glorify thy name? for thou art holy; thou only art the Lord.

PSALMS

PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.

PSALM I. V. 1, 2, 3, 6. *Bedford.*

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend;
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend:
But sinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. V. 7, 8, 9, 10.
Christmas-Day.

ATTEND, O earth! whilst I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree:
Thou art my son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.

Ask and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be:
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possest by thee.

Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
And crush them every where:
As massy bars of iron break
The potter's brittle ware.

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth!
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM X. V. 12, 13, 14, 18. *Heighington.*

O LORD! our God! do thou arise,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And by the greatness of thy power,
Preserve the poor from harm.

No longer let the wicked vaunt,
And proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"He never will repay."

But sure thou seest, and all their deeds
Impartially dost try;
The orphans, therefore, and the poor,
On thee for aid rely.

Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'st
The fatherless and poor;
That so the tyrants of the earth
May persecute no more.

PSALM XV. V. 1, 2, 4, 6. *Redemption.*

LORD! who's the happy man that may,
To thy blest courts repair;
Not stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
Religiously respect.

The man, who by this steady course
Has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
By providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI. V. 8, 9, 10, 11. *St. Margaret's. Easter-Day.*

I STRIVE each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hopes to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord! when I resign my breath,
My soul from Hell shalt free;
Nor let thy holy one in death
The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead,
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. V. 16, 17, 18, 19. *Battishill.*

THE Lord did on my side engage,
From Heav'n, his throne my cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves, which proudly swell'd.

God his resistless pow'r employ'd,
My strongest foes attempts to break;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
The weak defence that I could make.

Their subtle rage had soon prevail'd,
When I distrest and friendless lay;
But when all other succours fail'd,
God was my firm support and stay.

From dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

PSALM XXII. V. 14, 15, 16, 17. *Burford.*
For Good Friday.

MY blood like water spill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

My strength, like potter's earth, is parch'd,
My tongue cleaves to my jaws:
And to the silent shades of death
My fainting soul withdraws.

Like

Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
In pack'd assemblies meet:
They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
They pierc'd my harmless feet.

My body 's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told:
Yet such a spectacle of woe,
As pastime they behold.

PSALM XXII. V. 23, 24, 29, 30. *Dr. Hayes.*

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
All ye of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye;
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But heard its humble cry.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne,
They all for aid resort;
That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.

PSALM XXIII. V. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Weston Favell.*

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

In

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instructs with humble zeal, to walk
In his most righteous ways,

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

PSALM XXIII. *By Mr. Addison.*
A Pastoral. Carey.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply.
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile;
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV. V. 7, 8, 9, 10. *London New.*
Ascension-Day.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord for strength renown'd:
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates! unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXXIV. V. 1, 2, 3, 15. *St. Matthew.*

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

The Lord from Heav'n beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And when distrest, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

SACRAMENTAL PSALM.

PSALM XXXVI. V. 5, &c. *New Sabbath.*

THY mercy, Lord! my only hope,
The highest orb of Heav'n transcends,
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope,
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are:
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust?

Such guests should to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O! let us then thy favour gain,
And to each heart thy truth display!

PSALM XLI. V. 1, 2, 3, 13. *St. John's.*

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Let therefore Israel's Lord and God,
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

PSALM LXVII. V. 1, 2, 3, 7. *Southgate.*

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise thy glorious name.

So

So God upon our land
Shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his tremendous pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII. V. 3, 18, 19. *Duché.*

LORD! let the servants of thy will
Thy favours gentle beams enjoy:
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

Ascending high in triumph, thou
Captivity hast captive led;
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies once their dread.

E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily thy great name ador'd,
Who art our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXI. V. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7. *Callcott.*

TO God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing:
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful king.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.

Let

Let trumpets, at the great new moon,
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.
For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd
By Isr'el's chosen seed.

PSALM LXXXIV. V. 1, 2, 10, 12. *Bexley.*

O GOD of hosts! the mighty Lord!
How lovely is thy place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!

For, in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord! in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

Thou, God! whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee!

JEHOVAH THE ONE TRUE GOD.

PSALM LXXXVI. V. 8, 9, 10, 11. *Dr. Randall.*

For Trinity Sunday.

AMONG the Gods there's none like THEE,
O Lord! alone divine!
Of all those *fabled* beings, *none*
Can boast such pow'rs as *thine.*

Therefore, their GREAT CREATOR, THEE,
The nations shall adore;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
To thy blest name restore.

All shall confess THEE *great*, and great
The *wonders* thou hast done;
Confess *thee* GOD, the GOD SUPREME,
Confess THEE GOD ALONE.

Lord! I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

PSALM XC. V. 3, 5, 6, 12. *St. Mary.*
New Year.

THOU turnest man, O Lord! to dust,
Of which he first was made:
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obey'd.

Thou sweep'st us off, as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow, like grass, that feels
The sun's reviving beams.

But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the ev'ning close.

So teach us, Lord! th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM C. V. 1, 2, 3, 4. 100 *proper.*

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter, then, his Temple-gates,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CIV. 104 *proper.*

BLESS God, O my soul!
Rejoice in his name.
O Lord! let my voice
Thy greatness proclaim;
Surpassing in honour,
Dominion and might,
Thy throne is the Heaven,
Thy robe is the light.

The sky we behold
A curtain display'd,
The chambers of Heav'n
On waters are laid;

Thy clouds are a chariot
  Thy glory to bear,
On Winds thou art wafted,
  Thou ridest on air.
As rapid as fire,
  Thy angels on high,
Convey thy commands,
  Thy ministers fly:
The earth on its basis
  Eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station
  Thy wisdom ordain'd.
Rejoice then, O Lord!
  In glory secure,
The works thou hast made,
  Thro' ages endure.
Yet aw'd by thy presence,
  When thou drawest near,
Smoke bursts from the mountains,
  Earth trembles with fear.
Thus, Lord! Let me sing,
  Thy glory to raise,
Delightful the strain
  When tun'd to thy praise;
The vile have their suff'rings,
  The just their reward;
Bless God, O! my spirit,
  O praise ye the Lord!

PSALM CVI. V. 1, 2, 3, 4. *Islington.*

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right; not only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord!
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

PSALM CVIII. V. 1. 2, 3, 4. *Great Milton.*

O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful ſongs of praiſe
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute! nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord!
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe
That round about us dwell.

Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
The higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

PSALM CXII. V. 4, 5, 6, 9. *Dr. Howard.*

THE soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PART OF PSALM CXIII. *Lockhart.*

All-saints-day.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

God thro' the world extends his sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
To him whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

Tho'

Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest Heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.
" When death decides the parents' doom,
" And sends them to the silent tomb,
" He hears the helpless orphan's claim:
" His hand the fatherless receives,
" And all their woes and wants relieves;
" O, then, extol his glorious name!"

PSALM CXVI. *Callcott.*

BY various ties, O Lord! must I
To thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's son before,
Thy ransom'd captive now!
To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise;
And, whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.
They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.
How just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford,

PSALM

PSALM CXIX. V. 9, 10, 11, 12. *Sheldon.*

HOW shall the young preſerve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life
With thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek,
To thee for ſuccour pray;
O, ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps
From thy right paths to ſtray!

Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid,
Thy word, my treaſure lies,
To ſuccour me with timely aid,
When ſinful thoughts ariſe.

Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul
Shall ever bleſs thy name;
O teach me, then, by thy juſt laws
My future life to frame.

PSALM CXXV. *Callcott.*

WHO place on Sion's God their truſt,
Like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her immovable be fix'd
By his Almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide
Jeruſalem enclose:
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints,
To guard them from their foes.

The wicked may afflict the juſt,
But ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by deſpair to ſeek
Baſe means for his redreſs.

Be

Be good, O righteous God! to those
  Who righteous deeds effect;
The heart that innocence retains,
  Let innocence protect.

All those who walk in crooked paths
  The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
  With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXX. V. 1, 5, 7, 8. *St. Bride's.*

Good Friday.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
  To God I send my cry;
Lord! hear my supplicating voice,
  And graciously reply.

My soul with patience waits
  For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
  Thy never-failing word.

Let Isr'el trust in God;
  No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
  Eternal succour flows:

Whose friendly streams to us
  Supplies in want convey;
An healing spring, a spring to cleanse
  And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXVI. V. 1, 4, 6, 7, 25.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
  Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
  As good as he is great.

Praise ye the Lord, HALLELUJAH.

By

By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The Heav'ns, by his command,
Were to perfection brought.
Praise ye, &c.

He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
Praise ye, &c.

He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
Praise ye, &c.

PSALM CXLVI. V. 6, 7, 8, 9. *Handel.*

THE Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The stranger he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVIII. *Lockhart.*

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

Thou Moon, that rul'st the night,
And Sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of light,
To him your homage pay!
His praise declare
Ye Heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Isr'el's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O, therefore, raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice,
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CL. V. 1. last. *And* GLORIA PATRI.
Angel's Hymn.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he on our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise shall equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

END OF THE PSALMS.

HYMN I. *Dr. Arnold.*

FATHER of Mercy! hear our pray'rs
For those who do us good;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.

Each hand and heart that lends us aid
Thou dost inspire and guide;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

Thou still shall be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou th' unfailing spring.

For those whose goodness founded this,
A better house prepare,
Receive them to thy heav'nly bliss,
And may we meet them there!

May all the pleasing pains they share
Be crown'd with wish'd success;
The present age applaud their care,
And future ages bless!

So shall the helpless who remain
Expos'd as we before,
Increasing still our humble train,
With louder songs adore.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN II. *Long.*

O THOU! from whom all good descends,
To thee our praise we pay,
On whom the heav'nly host attends,
Whom Heav'n and Earth obey.

A sparrow falls not to the ground
Without thy Providence;
Thy mercy there thy servants found,
Thy mercy rais'd us thence.
May those who in our cause engage,
By thee be amply paid;
The weaker both our sex and age,
The nobler is their aid.
Avoiding rocks on either side,
An equal course they steer;
Indecent want, and gaudy pride
Alike are strangers here.
May we with humble diligence
Improve our patron's cost!
So shall their trouble and expence
Be not entirely lost.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN III. *Long.*

TO thee, great God! our thanks we owe,
Thy goodness we adore;
Who bids the feeling heart to glow
With pity for the poor:
Who let'st the infant orphan share
The good man's riches, love and care.
Obscur'd by mean and humble birth,
In ignorance we lay;
'Till Christian bounty call'd us forth,
And led us into day:
Taught us the word of God t'explore,
To ask his love and dread his pow'r.

Oh!

Oh! look for ever kindly down
On those that help the poor:
Oh! let success their labours crown,
And plenty heap their store;
And may that mite by us possess'd,
Diffuse a blessing o'er the rest.

And when before thy judgment-seat
With trembling hope we go,
Reward or punishment to meet
For what we do below;
Our shouting voices shall declare
Their tender love to us while here.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN IV. *Riley.*

TO thee! O Lord! our God and King,
Whose mercies ne'er decay,
We thus in artless numbers sing,
And thus our praise we pay.

Whate'er is human ebbs and flows,
As wasting time prevails;
But grace divine no changes knows,
Charity never fails.

From thence flow plenteous streams and clear,
And may they never cease!
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives th'increase.

May he your pious alms regard,
Your warmth of zeal approve,
With ample blessings still reward
The labour of your love.

Rescu'd from want, from vice, and shame,
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim,
And live but to his praise.
HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN V. *Valtan.*

O GRACIOUS LORD! celestial King!
Whose goodness raptur'd seraphs sing,
In never-ceasing lays;
From Heaven look down, in mercy hear
Our feeble infant voices bear
The echo of thy praise.

We know that grateful love alone,
From earth can reach thy glory's throne:
This tribute you receive
For all the blessings shower'd down,
For all the joys that virtue crown,
Or piety can give.

When helpless, plung'd in life's rude wave,
Thy providential arm could save,
And bring to safety's shore;
Where meek-ey'd charity appears,
And wipes away our orphan tears,
Where storms affright no more.

O gracious Lord! celestial King!
Whose goodness raptur'd seraphs sing,
In never-ceasing lays;
From Heaven look down, in mercy hear,
Our feeble infant voices bear
The echo of thy praise.
HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

Hymn VI. *Dr. Arnold.*

[From a new Translation of Psalm viii.]

O GOD! how worlds on worlds proclaim
How the high Heav'ns resound thy name,
Beyond all glory bright!
E'en lisping babes thy being bless,
Their smiles thy providence confess,
And vindicate thy might.

The Sun, exhaustless fount of day!
The Moon, the Stars, when I survey,
In ceaseless order move;
Thy works, thy wonders, when I see,
Great God! what's man? what's man, that he
Should thus engage thy love? *Da Capo.*

Hymn VII. *Carnaby.*

GREAT Lord of all! whose works of love
Creation's boundless realms display,
Help us to join the choirs above,
And hail thy providential sway!

Stern death pronounc'd the dread decree,
Entail'd on all of woman born,
From sorrow set our parents free,
But left us helpless and forlorn:

No friendly hand to shield our youth
From future penury and woe,
To guide us in the paths of truth,
And teach us all we ought to know.

Dark was the colour of our fate,
Till thy benignant mercy shone,
Redeem'd us from our wretched state,
And made the fatherless thine own.

Our hopes revive, our fears are fled,
Our joyless days and nights are o'er;
Our mortal frames are cloth'd and fed,
Our minds inform'd with virtue's lore.
Blest guardian! whose paternal care,
With bount'ous hand our want supplies!
, may our ceaseless praise and pray'r
To thy bright throne as incense rise!
HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN VIII. *Barthelemon.*

CHILL'D by the blasts of adverse fate,
Oppress'd by sorrow's gloom,
The soothing voice of parent love
All hush'd within the tomb.
Without us, want his vigils kept;
Within us silent woe:
Our infant minds in fearful thought
Made ev'ry shade a foe.
God's pitying eye our trouble saw,
And instantly relief
Broke through the wintry clouds of woe,
And scatter'd ev'ry grief.
Beneath his heav'nly wings we find
A calm and safe retreat:
O, then let ev'ry orphan breast
With grateful transport beat!

SOLO. CHORUS.
We thank thee! HALLELUJAH,
We bless thee! HALLELUJAH,
We praise thee, O Lord! HALLELUJAH,
For evermore. AMEN.

HYMN

Hymn IX. *Aylward.*

GLORY to God! whose all-pervading eye,
Pierc'd the thick gloom of mis'ry's dreary shade,
Whose gracious ears were open to our cry,
Who heard with pity all the plaints we made.

Now Heav'n-born charity our wants supplies;
For us she deign'd this hallow'd dome to rear:
Hither the poor, the helpless orphan flies,
And joyful finds a safe asylum here.

On all our friends, O Lord! thy blessings show'r,
For them and for their children hear our prayer,
Save them from want, and shield them in that hour
When pleasure's false allurements spread their snare.

While we to God our feeble voices raise,
Let all the earth in one loud chorus join,
And thou, blest spirit! as we sing his praise,
Inspire the notes with harmony divine.

Hallelujah, Amen.

Hymn X. *By* Mr. Merrick.

LORD of our life! whose tender care
First gave us pow'r to move:
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love?

Whilst

Whilst void of thought and sense we lay
Dust of our parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us to the birth.

Where'er we turn our wakeful thought,
Unnumber'd foes we see:
Guide of our youth! forsake us not,
But lead us safe to thee.

For fix'd on thee we lose each fear,
Each vain assault we brave;
We know thee, Lord! not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

So oft shall our repeated lays
Our thankful hearts declare,
And joy to celebrate thy praise,
Whose mercy deigns to spare.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XI.

By Dr. WATTS.

MY God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XII. *Christmas-day.*

The Music by MISS SAVAGE.

St. Luke, ch. ii. v. 8—15.

WHILST shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubl'd minds),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord:
"And this shall be the sign:

"The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

Thus spoke the seraph;—and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All

" All glory be to God on high,
" And to the earth be peace ;
" Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease."

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XIII.

For Easter-day.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy-day ;
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer, to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King :
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

But the pains which he endur'd
Our salvation have procur'd.
Now above the skies he's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XIV. *T. S. Duché.*

On the Excellency of the BIBLE.

GREAT GOD! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

The

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to Heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord! make me understand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from Hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

Hymn XV. *On Gratitude to* God.

By Mr. Addison.

The Stanzas marked in Italics only are sung.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face:
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XVI. *Barthelemon.*

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the Sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last.
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear,
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake; ye heav'nly choir,
May your devotion me inspire:
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
Oh! may I never more do ill.

Glory to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord! I my vow to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XVII.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive

Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When restless in the night I lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Let my best Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

Lord! let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care!
'Tis Heav'n on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To see thy face and sing thy love.

Shou'd death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Though he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest;
Then welcome sleep, or death to me,
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hymn XVIII.

From 19*th* Psalm. *By* Mr. Addison.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangl'd Heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from Pole to Pole.

What! tho' in solemn silence all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What! tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found.

In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Hymn XIX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By Mr. Pope. *Callcott.*

FATHER of all!——
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent:
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach mé to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot,
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

Hymn XX.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

By Mr. Dryden. *Altered and abridged.* *Callcott.*

Whit-Sunday.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come; visit ev'ry pious mind:
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:
Come; and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Subject the senses to the soul:
From sin and sorrow set us free;
And make us temples worthy thee.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all, that we believe;
Give us thyself: that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XXI. *Call.ott.*

DIES IRÆ.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

Advent Sunday.

THE Judge ascends his awful throne!
He makes each Secret sin be known;
And all, with shame confess their own.
O then! What int'rest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake!

Thou! mighty, formidable King;
Thou! Mercy's inexhausted spring;
Some comfortable pity bring!
Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost!

Thou!

Thou! who for me did feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain!
Thou; whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay!)
Before the sad accounting day.

Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.
Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend!
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

His Lordship died 1684; at the very moment in which he expired, he uttered the two last lines of this poem with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion.

HYMN XXII.

THE CHRISTIAN's CONSOLATION.

By MR. ADDISON. *Dr. Arnold.*

WHEN thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then, see the sorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For

For never shall my soul despair,
His pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

Joseph Addison, Esq. died 1719, at the age of 48.

Hymn XXIII.

By Mr. Merrick.

Man walketh in a vain Shadow; and disquieteth himself in vain. Psalm xxxix. 7.

AUTHOR OF GOOD! To thee I turn!
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O! let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide:
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O!—By error's force subdu'd,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the *latent good*,
And grasps the *specious ill*;

Not to my *wish*, but to my *want*,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what *good* thou knowest, grant;
What *ill*, tho' ask'd, deny!

Hymn XXIV.

By a Young Lady.

WITH sorrow and with guilt opprest,
To thee, O Lord! we fly;
O, hear thy people's sad request!
O, dry the wat'ry eye!

Thy lenient hand can pity bring,
And comfort's balm bestow,
Attend thy people's suffering,
And lessen all their woe.

The languid head of drooping care,
Thy tender pity cheers;
The contrite sinner's humble pray'rs,
Thy boundless mercy hears.

Thy gracious pow'r through life's dark scene,
The lighter path has shewn;
Our constant refuge thou hast been,
Thy Providence we own.

Now, then, to our complaint be near,
And hear our heart-felt sighs;
O! let our penitence sincere
Before thy justice rise.

Hymn XXV.

For NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Thou crownest the Year with thy goodness.
Psalm lxv. 11.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While,

While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the Skies.

Seasons renew'd, and years and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the grateful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

And may we, with harmonious tongue,
In realms unknown pursue the song:
There, in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XXVI.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN. *Barthelemon.*

THOU Lamb of God! whose bleeding love
We thus recal to mind,
Answer thy servants from above,
And let us mercy find.

By all thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat we pray,
And by thy dying love to man—
O, take our sins away!

O, let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The sinner's pardon seal!
Pronounce us freely justify'd,
And all our sickness heal.

Think upon us, who think on thee;
Our wearied souls release:
Burst ev'ry bond, and set us free;
And bid us go in peace!

HYMN XXVII. *Dr. Arnolde*

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
The Saviour is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of Hell are captive led.
Dragg'd to the portals of the Sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"

Loose all your bars of massive light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory?—Who?
THE LORD, that all his foes o'ercame;
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name!

Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"

Who is the King of Glory?—Who?
THE LORD, of glorious pow'r possest;
The King of Saints and Angels too;
GOD over all, for ever blest!

Hymn XXVIII.

FOR THE SACRAMENT.

MY God! and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail! sacred feast which Jesus makes;
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!

Why are it's dainties all in vain—
Before unwilling hearts display'd!
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O! let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see
That here it's sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Hymn XXIX. *Pope.*

Christmas-Day.

THE Saviour comes: by Prophets long foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.

'Tis

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his staff forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear;
In ruthless chains shall conquer'd death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrants feel th' eternal wound.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Unerring justice lift aloft her scale:
God's peace returns, his saving pow'r remains,
His realm for ever lasts, his own Messiah reigns.

HYMN XXX. *Mallet. Callcott.*

YE midnight shades o'er nature spread,
Dumb silence of the dreary hour:
In honour of the much-lov'd dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.

Now let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow:
Now let the voice due measure keep
In strains that sigh, and words that weep.
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul!

And, while we mingle dust to dust,
To ONE, supremely good and wise,
Raise Hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy when he dies!

HYMN XXXI. *Mrs. Carter.*

O LORD! let thy best grace disperse
Our vice and error, whence our fears
  Derive their fatal spring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And often to an angel form
  The pale, terrific King.

When sunk by guilt, in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
  And owns thy threat'nings just:
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms his tott'ring fears,
  And lifts him from the dust.

Renew'd by thee, his soul aspires
Beyond the rage of low desires,
  In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd, his destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
  The universal debt.

In death's soft slumbers, lull'd to rest,
He sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
  That gently whisper peace:
'Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
  Of active life and bliss.

HYMN XXXII. *Bishop Lowth. Callcott.*

Good-Friday.

LO! the black deed, the glorious Sun hath driv'n
To blot the day, and shroud the light of Heav'n:
Earth trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And rending rocks upbraid man's stubborn heart.

Fix'd

Fix'd to the cross, behold the Saviour bound,
While copious mercy streams from ev'ry round:
Mark the big drops that, life exhausting, roll,
And the strong pang that rends his suff'ring soul.

Yet he who dies, in judgment man shall see,
Rob'd in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,
Ride on the clouds; and as his chariot flies,
Behold his radiance streaming through the skies.

Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow;
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And man's whole labours now shall be no more.

HYMN XXXIII.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While JEHOVAH's praise we sing:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd!

Men on Earth! and Saints above!
Sing the great Redeemer's love!
Lord! thy mercies never fail!
Hail! celestial goodness, hail!

Tho' unworthy, Lord! thine ear
These our Hallelujahs hear!
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

Lead us to that blissful seat,
Where thou reign'st supremely great:
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see!

Then, with angels, we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain:
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

There no tongue shall silent be,
There ALL shall join sweet harmony;
That thro' Heav'n's all spacious round,
Thy praise, O God! may ever sound.

Lord! thy mercies never fail!
Hail! celestial goodness, hail!

HYMN XXXIV. *Handel.*

WE'LL proclaim the wond'rous story,
Of the mercies we receive,
From the day spring's dawning glory.
Till the fading hour of eve.

All the blessings Heav'n is lending,
We'll extol in grateful lays:
To his radiant throne ascending,
Wafted on the wings of praise.

In exalted rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy days;
All our grateful hearts combining,
To declare his endless praise.

Hymn XXXV.

The Words by Wm. Hayley, Esq.

Callcott.

PARENT to those, whose infant days
No human parent know!
To thee, O Charity! the praise
Of filial love shall flow.

Base want, and vice, a foe to all!
Round us their snares had thrown,
Had not thy arm, at pity's call,
Embrac'd us for thine own.

O, blest the land! where all to thee
A tender homage pay?
Where indigence and wealth agree
To venerate thy sway!

That land the wrath of Heav'n may spare,
When ruthless nations groan;
Her guarded orphan's grateful pray'r,
May rise to mercy's throne.

Parent to those, whose infant days
No human parent know!
To thee, O Charity! the praise
Of filial love shall flow.

Hymn XXXVI.

The Words by Wm. Hayley, Esq.

Callcott.

WE have no parent, but our God:
Yet will we not in grief despair;
For he this vale of sorrow trod,
To make the desolate his care.

The voice of innocence and youth,
To thee, meek Saviour! may ascend:
Thou God of tenderness and truth!
Of infancy thou art the friend.

Thro' tears, that fill the orphan's eye,
With humble confidence we see
Calamity, an holy tie,
That binds our helpless tribe to thee.

For Charity, angelic power!
Thy fav'rite delegate below!
Makes Industry, our peaceful dower,
A guard from indigence and woe.

We have no parent, but our God;
In him we trust, who reigns above;
Children he blest when here he trod,
And we are children of his love.

HYMN XXXVII. *Barthelemon.*

Fast.

COME, FAITH DIVINE! thy pow'rs impart;
Call WISDOM from above:
Come, CHARITY, possess the heart,
And prompt to deeds of LOVE.

GOD of TRUTH! the gift is thine:
WISDOM's dictates we obey;
GOD of LOVE! propitious shine!
Deeds of LOVE shall grace the Day.

LOVE and TRUTH together meet;
Thus the laws of Heav'n ordain:
Happy union! Joy complete:
Smile upon our ORPHAN train.

AMEN.

ANTHEMS.

ANTHEMS.

Good Friday.

ANTHEM I.

Mine Eye, mine Eye runneth down with water; because the Comforter that should relieve my Soul is from me. Lament. i. 16.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see, if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me. i. 12.

Behold! God is my helper; the Lord is with them that uphold my Soul. Psalm liv. 4.

For he hath delivered me out of all my Trouble: And mine Eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies. AMEN, AMEN. Psalm. liv. 7.

ANTHEM II.

Be thou exalted, O God! above the Heavens: Let thy Glory be above all the Earth. Psalm lvii. 6.

My Heart is fixed, O God! my Heart is fixed: I will sing and give Praise. Psalm lvii. 8.

Be thou exalted, O God! above the Heavens: Let thy glory be above all the Earth.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM III.

PSALM lxviii. *v.* 1, 5, 18, 32.

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered, let them also that hate him, flee before him. v. 1.

A Father of the Fatherless, and a Judge of the Widows, is God in his holy habitation. v. 5.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for Men: yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord might dwell among them. v. 18.

Sing unto God, ye Kingdoms of the Earth; O sing Praises unto the Lord, v. 32.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM IV.

PSALM cxxxiv.

Behold! bless ye the Lord, all ye Servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the Sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

The Lord that made Heaven and Earth, bless thee out of Zion.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM V.

The Song of the Lamb.

REVELATIONS XV. *v.* 3, 4.

Great and marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty! just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints!

Who shall not fear thee, O Lord! and glorify thy Name! for thou only art Holy.

Holy,—Holy,—Holy.

For all Nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy Judgments are made manifest.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM VI.

Thanksgiving.

The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the World, and they that dwell therein. Psalm xxiv. 1.

He hath put a new Song into my Mouth, even Praise unto our God. Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord. Psalm xl. 3.

Thou wilt prolong the King's Life; and his years as many Generations. Psalm lxi. 6.

He asked Life of thee, and thou gavest him, even length of Days for ever and ever. Psalm xxi. 4.

Be

Be thou exalted, Lord! in thine own Strength: so will we sing and praise thy Power. 13.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM VII.

Composed by MRS. MARIA BARTHELEMON.

PSALM cxix. *v.* 33, 37.

Teach me, O Lord! the way of thy Statutes: and I shall keep it unto the End.

O turn away mine eyes, lest they behold vanity: and quicken thou me in thy way.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM VIII.

Composed by Mr. MASON, *Precentor of* YORK CATHEDRAL.

Collect for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Lord of all Power and Might, who art the Author and Giver of all good Things, graft in our Hearts the Love of thy Name; increase in us true Religion; nourish us with all Goodness; and of thy great Mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM IX.

Thanksgiving.

ISAIAH xii. *Callcott.*

And in that Day thou shalt say, O Lord! I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thy anger is turned away.

Behold,

Behold, God is my Salvation; I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my Strength, and my Song: he also is become my Salvation.

Therefore, with Joy shall ye draw Water out of the Wells of Salvation.

And in that Day shall ye say, praise the LORD, call upon his Name, declare his Doings among the People, make mention that his Name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent Things; this is known in all the Earth.

Cry out and shout, thou Inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

ANTHEM X.

From the 8th of MARCELLO's *Psalms.*

O LORD, OUR GOVERNOR! O, how excellent is thy Name in all the World!

Thou, O JEHOVAH! hast set thy glory above the Heavens.

ANTHEM XI.

From PSALM lv, 1, 2, 4, 6.

Kent.

Hear my Prayer, O God! and hide not thyself from my Petition.

Take

Take heed unto me, and hear me; how I mourn in my Prayer, and am vexed.

My heart is disquieted within me; and the Fear of Death is fallen upon me.

Then I said, O! that I had wings like a Dove; then would I flee away, and be at rest.

ANTHEM XII.

HANDEL.

Christmas-Day.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the Wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the Desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Isaiah xli. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

ANTHEM XIII.

Kent.

My song shall be of Mercy: and Judgment unto thee, O Lord! will I sing.

O! let

O! let me have understanding in the way of godliness.

When wilt thou come unto me? I will walk in my house with a perfect heart.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord! among the people; I will sing praises unto thee amongst the nations; for thy mercy is greater than the Heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the Clouds.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

ANTHEM XIV.

HANDEL.

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

He delivered the Poor that cried, the Fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

Kindness, meekness, and comfort were in his tongue; if there was any virtue, and if there was any praise, he thought on those things.

Job xxix. Philip iv.

ANTHEM XV.

Thanksgiving.

O come! let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our Salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; and show ourselves glad in him with Psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a great King above all Gods.

O come! let us worship, and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

Psalm xcv. 1, 2, 3, 6.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his Holy Hill; for the Lord our God is Holy.

Psalm xcix. 9.

Tell it out among the Heathen, that the Lord is King, and that he made the World so fast it cannot be moved.

Psalm xcvi. 10

ANTHEM XVI.

Thanksgiving.

O sing unto the Lord a new Song; sing unto the Lord all the whole Earth.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness.

Psalm xcvi. 1, 9.

Every day will I give thanks unto thee, and praise thy name for ever and ever.

Psalm cxlv. 2.

Let the whole Earth stand in awe of him; let the Sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

Psalm xcvi. 11,

ANTHEM

ANTHEM XVII.

HANDEL.

Thanksgiving.

He was eyes unto the blind; he was feet unto the lame; he healed all their sickness, and carried all their sorrows. He was brought as a Lamb unto the slaughter, and as a sheep to the sacrifice; yet he opened not his mouth. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously. Hosannah to the Son of David: blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

ANTHEM XVIII.

In the Lord put I my trust; how say you then to my soul she shall flee as a bird unto the Hill?

God is a constant, sure defence,
Against oppressing rage:
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

Behold the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart;
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

But God, who hears the suff'ring poor,
And their oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest,
In spite of all their foes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

Psalm xi.

ANTHEM XIX.

Dr. BLAKE.

I have set God always before me; for he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.

Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced, my flesh also shall rest in hope;

For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell: neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

Thou shalt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore.

Psalm xvi. 9, 10, 11, 12.

ANTHEM XX.

Dr. PEPUSCH *and* Dr. BOYCE.

I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord! with my whole Heart: I will speak of all thy marvellous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee; yea, my songs will I make of thy Name, O thou most highest!

Psalm ix. 1, 2.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

Psalm cxlv. 15, 16.

ANTHEM XXI.

HANDEL.

Thanksgiving.

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him: I will go before thee to loose the strong knit loins of mighty Kings; make straight the crooked places; break in pieces the gates of solid brass; and cut in sunder the bars of iron, for my servant's sake.

Israel, my chosen, thou hast not known me: I have surnamed thee, I have girded thee, that from the rising to the setting Sun the nations may confess, I am the Lord, there is none else, there is no God besides me.

Thou shalt perform my pleasure, to Jerusalem saying, thou shalt be built; and to the Temple, thy razed foundation shall again be laid.

Sing, O ye Heavens! for the Lord hath done it: Earth, from thy center shout: Break forth, ye mountains into songs of joy, O forest, and each tree therein: for the Lord hath done it.

Isaiah xliv. & xlv.

ANTHEM XXII.

J. W. CALLCOTT, B. M.

O Lord! how manifold are thy Works, in Wisdom hast thou made them all; the Earth is full of thy Glory.

The glorious Majesty of the Lord shall endure for ever; the Lord shall rejoice in his Works.

The Lord delivereth the Souls of his Servants; and they that trust in him shall not be destitute.

O be thou our help in trouble; we will sing of thy power betimes in the morning, for thou hast been our defence and our refuge.

Lo! this is our God for ever and ever; he shall be our Guide unto Death.

ANTHEM XXIII.

KENT.

ST. MATTHEW 25th and 31st.

Anniversary.

When the Son of Man shall come in his Glory, and all the Holy Angels with him:

Then shall he sit upon the Throne of his Glory.

Before him shall be gathered all Nations, and he shall separate them one from another. He shall say to them on his right hand—

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the Foundation of the World: for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me Drink: I was a Stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in Prison, and ye came unto me.

Lord! when saw we thee an hungry, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee Drink? When saw we thee a Stranger, and took thee in? naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in Prison, and came unto thee?

Verily

Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

The righteous ſhall go into life eternal.

Hallelujah!

ANTHEM XXIV.

BOYCE.

Thanksgiving.

O be joyful in God, all ye lands; ſing Praiſes to the honour of his Name; make his Praiſe to be glorious.

O come hither and behold the Works of God, how wonderful he is in his doing towards the Children of Men.

Marvellous things did he in the ſight of our Forefathers, in the Land of Egypt, even in the Field of Zoan.

He divided the Sea, and let them go through; he made the Waters to ſtand on a heap; he clave the hard Rocks in the Wilderneſs, and gave them drink thereof.

He rained down Manna for them to eat, and gave them Food from Heaven.

He is a Father of the Fatherleſs; he defendeth the cauſe of the Widows; he bringeth the Priſoners out of Captivity.

He is the God who helpeth us, and poureth his Benefits upon us. O praiſe our God, ye people, for his Name only is excellent, and his Praiſe above the Heavens and Earth.

ANTHEM

Anthem XXV.

Greene.

Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace with him; and lay up his words in thine heart.

If thou return to the Almighty, put away iniquity from thee.

Then shall he be thy defence, and thy delight.

Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he will hear thee.

The Lord will deliver the righteous; he will save the humble Man.

Job. xxii.

Anthem XXVI.

Callcott.

Fast.

Have mercy upon me, O God! after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies, do away mine offences.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

Turn thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds.

Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and stablish me with thy free spirit.

Then

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee. Psalm li. 1, 2, 9, 11, 12, 13.

ANTHEM XXVII.

CALLCOTT.

Thanksgiving.

I am well pleased that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer; that he hath inclined his ear unto me; therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The snares of Death compassed me round about; and the pains of Hell gat hold upon me.

I have found trouble and heaviness, and did call upon the Name of the Lord: O Lord! I beseech thee, deliver my Soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple; when I was in misery he delivered me.

Turn again, then, unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath rewarded thee:

For he hath delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from tears, and my Feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living: I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the sight of his people, in the Courts of the Lord's House, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem! Hallelujah. Psalm cxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 16.

ANTHEM

Anthem XXVIII.

God is our Help and Strength; a very present Help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear; though the Earth tremble, though the Mountains shake, and the Waters rage and swell.

For God is in the midst of us, therefore shall we not be moved; God is our hope and refuge.

O! behold the Works of the Lord.

He maketh Wars to cease in all the World, he is exalted among the Heathen: he is exalted in the Earth.

Psalm xlvi.

Anthem XXIX.

Greene.

O! how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts!

My Soul hath a desire and a longing to enter into the Courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy House; they will always be praising thee.

Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2, 4.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the Name of the Lord.

I will

I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the sight of all his people: in the Courts of the Lord's House, even in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem! Praise the Lord.

Psalm cxvi. 15, 16

ANTHEM XXX.

A Pastoral.

From PSALM xxiii.

GREEN.

The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I want nothing.

He shall feed me in green Pastures, and lead me forth beside the Waters of Comfort.

He shall convert my Soul, and bring me in the paths of Righteousness for his Name's sake.

Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil: for thou art with me.

My Mouth shall speak the Praise of the Lord; and let all Flesh give Thanks unto his holy name for ever and ever.

ANTHEM XXXI.

BOYCE.

Easter-Day.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For

For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel; and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the Clouds, to meet the Lord in the Air: and so shall we be ever with the Lord.

Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

1 Thes. iv. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

ANTHEM XXXII.

Fast.

Lord! thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another; before the Mountains were brought forth or ever the Earth and the World were made; thou art God from everlasting, and World without end.

Shew us thy mercy, O Lord! and grant us thy Salvation.

Yea, like as a Father pitieth his own Children even so is the Lord merciful to them that fear him.

Remember, O Lord! what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach. We are Orphans, and Fatherless; our Mothers are as Widows; the joy of our Hearts is turned into mourning.

Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us, and for the Years wherein we have suffered adversity:

So

So shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our Life.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from this time forth, for evermore.

Anthem XXXIII.

Callcott.

The Lord is the true God; he is the living God; and an everlasting King. At his wrath the Earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide his indignation.

He hath made the Earth by his Power; he hath established the World by his Wisdom.

He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures.

O Lord! we have sinned against thee. O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of Trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the Land? Yet thou art in the midst of us, leave us not.

Thou, O Lord! remainest for ever; thy throne is from generation to generation.

Jer. C. x. & xiv.

Anthem XXXIV.

Translated and adapted from the Mattutino de Morti del Sigr. Perez.

Thanksgiving.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and that I shall rise again.

Lord! when thou comest to judge the earth, where shall sinners flee from the wrath of thy countenance? Thou, who art come to judge the living and the dead, and destroy the Earth with fire. Remember thy mercy, O Lord! for the fear of Death is fallen on me.

For there is no knowledge in the Grave whither I go.

ANTHEM XXXV.

CALLCOTT.

Lord! thou art become gracious unto thy Land; thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the offences of thy people, and covered all their sins; shew us thy mercy, and grant us thy salvation.

Hallelujah, Amen. Psalm lxxxv. 1, 2, 7.

ANTHEM XXXVI.

All-Saints.

The souls of the Righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery, but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. The hope of the ungodly is like the smoke driven by the wind, and passeth away like a shadow; but the righteous live for evermore.

How are they numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints?

They shall receive a glorious Kingdom, and a beautiful Crown from the Lord's Hand.

They

They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever.

He shall be our guide unto Death.

ANTHEM XXXVII.

By the Waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion!

As for our harps we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein; for they that led us away captive required of us a song and melody in our heaviness.

Sing us one of the songs of Sion: how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land! If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.

Remember the Children of Edom, O Lord! in the day of Jerusalem, how they said, down with it, even to the ground.

O Daughter of Babylon! wasted with misery; yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us.

ANTHEM XXXVIII.

CALLCOTT.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and deliver not him to the will of his enemies.

Thou, Lord! hast been a defence unto the poor, a strength to the needy, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, a shelter against the raging tempest.

Thou, O Lord! art our Father, and thy Name is from Everlasting.

ANTHEM XXXIX.

The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked. The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind, and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.

Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger?

Thus saith the Lord, O Judah! keep thy solemn feasts, perform thy vows.

Though I have afflicted thee, I will afflict thee no more.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM XL.

CALLCOTT.

O Lord! I have heard thy speech and was afraid; O Lord! revive thy work in the midst of the years in wrath remember mercy.

God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His Glory covered the Heavens, and the Earth was full of his Praise. Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet, He stood and measured the Earth; he beheld and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting.

Altho' the fig tree shall not blossom; neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls:

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation.

Habak. iii.

FINIS.

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